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# RICHMOND,

A

# PASTORAL.

By ANNE BRYTON.

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# RICHMOND.

## PASTORAL.

# THE AUTHOR TO THE LADIES.

LADIES,

TO you the Author humbly does preſent
H er Paſtoral, propitious be th' event.
E arneſt to pleaſe all whc may it peruſe;

A ccepting it, will grace the humble Muſe,
U nus'd to publiſh, and unſkill'd, to write,
'T is venturous; this age is ſo polite.
H er nat'ral Genius had no aid from art,
O do not critize! 'twill break her heart:
R are are the female pens which ſenſe impart.

T hat talent ſeldom we, alas! attain,
O ur feeble efforts often prove in vain.
T hen graciouſly accept theſe humble ſtrains,
H appy ſhall I account my artleſs pains,
E nvying none, ſo this your favour gains.

L et it from you obtain a radiant ſmile,
A gracious look will all my fears beguile.
D eſtin'd you are to ſooth the anxious mind,
J oys to impart, and bliſs to human kind.
E xcellent fair ones, may your virtues ſhine,
S ung evermore by all the tuneful Nine.

A. B.

BRITANNIA.

THAME.

ISIS.

FLORA.

PAN.

ZEPHYR.

NYMPHS.

# RICHMOND,

A

# PASTORAL.

## CHORUS.

NYMPHS and ſwains attend our call,
Come and join our rural ball,
Our great Monarch gives you leave,
Come, and nature's ſweets receive.

Generous, bountiful and good,
Are all that ſpring from Brunſwick's blood:
Hark, the birds do you invite
To partake in their delight:

And ſing in choirs a joyous ſong,
While you trace his groves along.
Gracious King and Queen benign
May your worth and glory ſhine
Unobſcur'd, round Britain's ſhore,
'Till this fam'd iſle ſhall be no more.

PAN.

When Aurora's bluſhing face
Miſts and fogs and vapours chace,
The earth blooms freſh with brighter grace.

Zephyr approach with ambient air,
Attendant on ſweet Flora fair,
Diſcloſe the buds with tender care.

Ye wood nymphs ever watchful ſtand,
Guard your trees when they expand
By nature's genial powerful hand.

Nymphs that over ſprings preſide,
Preſerve your ſtreams that flowing glide,
T' enliven ſummer's flow'ry pride.

FLORA.

Come, ye nymphs, from each green grove,
Join'd in conſort, with us rove,
And in ſportive meaſures move.

Naiades of each clear ſpring,
Come with us, and dance and ſing,
'Round about in circling ring.

PAN.

I my oaten reed will ſound,
While you briſkly move around
On the verdant moſſy ground.

FLORA.

Which I'll ſtrew with flowers ſweet,
Fragrant herbs and odours meet,
Underneath your nimble feet.

ZEPHYR.

ZEPHYR.

Thame and Iſis gentle ſtray
While I o'er your boſom play,
And ſoftly curl the limpid way.

Great Britannia views the while,
With a gracious radiant ſmile,
Guardian of fair Albion's Iſle.

FLORA.

Soon as the Sun, with genial warmth, draws near
To Europe's realms, I love to revel here;
They of my favours claim a greater ſhare,
Than near the Northern Pole, and frozen bear:
And often in theſe gardens I am ſeen,
When winter ſtrips the trees of verdant green;
Inſpire the artiſt to adorn with flowers
The warm receſs, and never-fading bowers
Of ever-greens, which Boreas does not blaſt,
Nor his keen breath to earth their honours caſt.

Joyous

Joyous, I do improve the time,
When Sol has paſs'd the vernal line,
Then Zephyrs gently fan the trees,
And move the ſhrubs with ſofter breeze;
Cauſing ſweet ſmells, which health diſpenſe,
Grateful to each mortals ſenſe.

PAN.

My much admired Goddeſs, whoſe ſweet charms
The hoary winter's fierceneſs quite diſarms;
Who, with unwearied diligence, beſtrows
Ev'n deſerts, with the lovely bluſhing roſe.
Ah! do not fly me, for my conſtant love
Shall ſtill purſue to whereſoe'er you move,
And follow you thro' each gay flow'ry ſcene,
To play and ſing and dance upon the green.
T' allure Great Britain's King and Royal Dame
From tedious pomp, to theſe ſweet banks of Thame.
And gentle Iſis, whoſe clear ſtreams divide
Thoſe rural villas ſituate on each ſide.

Come let's be merry, haſte, and let us play,
All my delight's to ſee fair Flora gay.

FLORA.

I will not fly, if you will ceaſe a-while
To teize me in a ſighing lover's ſtile;
Nor bid you go to yon clear wat'ry mirrour
To view your uncouth form, to me a terror;
But let you join in mirth and antic ſport,
And with us to ſweet Richmond hill reſort;
Come, ſound your oaten reed, and make the beſt effort.

PAN.

My charming Flora, jovial I'll obey
Your great commands, and tune a ſprightly lay.

FLORA.

Thy praiſes, Richmond, firſt we will rehearſe,
Theme worthy to adorn the Poet's verſe.

Richmond

Richmond—or Richmount, in the days of yore
By Henry * lov'd, who did prefer the more
Than any rural place, or choice retreat,
When he diſmiſs'd the crown's reſplendent weight ;
Laying aſide the heroe's martial fire
And toils of empire, did to thee retire,
The richneſs of thy proſpects to admire ;
When England's royal roſe and his made one,
Which he from Richard had at Boſworth won.

PAN.

Before that time, and ſince, thy pride can boaſt
Thou of fam'd Albion's Kings haſt been the toaſt ;
And royal Queens, for genius high renown'd,
Whoſe preſence have thy native graces crown'd.
To give more worth and honour to thy name,
Have ſuper-added arts t'enhance thy fame.
Here great Eliza †, Albion's virgin Queen,
Held tilts and tournaments upon the green,

* Henry the Seventh. † Queen Elizabeth.

Where

Where val'rous Knights their feats of arms aſſay'd
In honour of ſome high-born beauteous maid.

FLORA.

But what embelliſhes thy rural ſweets,
Delights the eye, and the gay ſcene completes:
The ſilver Thames in graceful windings glides,
Waſhing thy pleaſant ſhore with ſwelling tides;
Enlivening nature with his curling waves,
Whoſe flows and ebbs the lovely verdure laves,
Refreſhing men and herds, when Sol's hot beams
Burns the parch'd earth, and drinks the lympid ſtreams,
Dancing in ſportive meaſures moves away,
And near the terrace wall delights to play.

PAN.

See the proud river ſwells, ariſing high,
And to the noble wall advances nigh.
Old hoary Thame rouſes his dropping head,
With Iſis near him from his wat'ry bed,

Mixing

Mixing their ſtreams, they make a river, known
Both to the torrid and the frigid zone.
The Po, the Ganges, Danube and the Rhine
Do not convey ſuch riches home as thine:
He riſes with his trident waved in air,
And ſmooths the ſurface when the ſky is fair,
With Iſis, his bright conſort, by his ſide,
His cloſe united ancient river bride.

THAME.

Iſis, my deareſt half, who helps to fill
Theſe verdant banks with thy ſweet purling rill;
The famous Tybur, Latium's boaſt and pride,
E'er we were known, for the firſt honours vy'd.
But now we boaſt more glory is our due
Than e'er that Queen of Cities brought to you,
Nations, unknown to thee, on India's ſhore,
Britons born near our banks, their realms explore.
A Clive decides the fate of eaſtern Kings,
The weſtern world its wealth and honour brings,

Which we to the grand capital convey
In gallant ſhips, which thro' our ſides make way;
Join'd by great Neptune, who courts our embrace,
And flowing meets us with a royal grace;
Proud of the honour, guards Britannia's land,
Obſequiouſly obſerves her great command.

ISIS.

Stop here a-while, and view this rural place,
'Tis our great Monarch's and his royal race,
Where Britain's Royal Pair deign to lay by
Their Royal pomp and Princely Majeſty.
See the young Prince, ſweet as the bluſhing morn,
The future hopes of Britons yet unborn;
Who may aſpire, when the next age ſhall riſe,
To raiſe their Prince's glory to the ſkies.
Hark how the feather'd ſongſters chaunt their notes,
With warbling melody from their ſweet throats,
To entertain him, as he ſportive plays
With his ſweet brother, through the walks and ſprays.

Draw

Draw near, ye finny tribe, around us wait,
While we the Royal Race congratulate,
Alternately, and you attend our ſtate.

THAME.

G enius of England riſe, and liſt'ning ſtand,
E ver defend your Prince's native land;
O ppoſe all them who ſhall his peace moleſt,
R eign crown'd with love in each true Briton's breaſt.
G race fills his ſoul, virtue and truth his guide,
E ndleſs his fame, Britannia's boaſt and pride.

ISIS

A ttend, great Genius, guard the favorite boy,
N ever let factions vile his bliſs annoy,
D irect thy ſpear a-right, protect thy Albion's joy.

THAME.

F air Prince, the ſecond hope of theſe great iſles,
R are gifts adorn you, and enrich your ſmiles;
E ver the joy of your great royal race,
D eſtin'd by heav'n to ſhine with every grace,

E ver increaſing in your gentle heart,
R ich with the blood that Brunſwick's line impart;
J oyful ſhall Britons ſee your glory riſe,
C rown'd with high princely power and dignities,
K ings your compeers, and Emperors you allies.

H ere is another claims your care and love,
E ngland's third hopes, a pretty ſmiling dove,
N o leſs may he both great and virtuous prove.
R oyal by birth, noble by acts of fame.
Y ielding to none in glory of his name.

I S I S.

A nd now, Britannia, of this charge beware,
N o leſs than a young Princeſs is thy care,
D oubly attentive be to guard the fair.

C ome to charm us from above,
H appy pledge of mutual love;

A joy

A joy to nations, may'ſt thou be
R enown'd, when time thy worth ſhall ſee.
L earned and wiſe, and of a generous mind,
O rdain'd a pattern to all womankind;
T ruth, thy attendant from her native ſkies,
T ill virtue over vice triumphant riſe,
E nvy depos'd, and merit gain the prize.

THAME.

With royal ſtate and lovely graceful mien,
Much more majeſtic than the poets feign
Pallas put on, when ſhe deſcended down
On Ida's top, the Trojan Prince to crown,
Behold Britannia, arm'd with ſhield and ſpear,
Proud Gallia's ſcourge, Hiſpania's dread and fear:
A roſy ſmile o'erſpreads her radiant face,
Which does the Cyprian Queen's bright charms diſgrace;
And with a voice which does her foes ſurprize,
While rays of light ſtream fulgent from her eyes.

BRITANNIA.

Thame—Iſis, from thy banks I never ſtray,
My favourite river liſt to what I ſay;
Theſe Princes are my own peculiar care,
For as they grow in years, and riper are,
They will add luſtre to the Britiſh race,
Which from King Egbert did theſe iſlands grace,
And thou, who'ſt ſeen great Julius as he view'd
Thy wand'ring current, when he was purſu'd
By the fierce Britons, who his valour try'd,
When through thy ſtreams he was compell'd to ride.
Though then amaz'd at ſuch a daring foe,
Be thou aſſur'd the like thou ne'er ſhalt know:
My martial ſons ſhall triumph o'er all thoſe
Who henceforth ſhall Britannia's arms oppoſe.
She ſaid! then reaſſum'd th' important place
Of Guardian to the Royal Britiſh race.
Thame—Iſis, gently ſink, their princely brows,
Are circled round with ſedge and oſier boughs,

Re-

Retiring back within their ancient bounds,
They leave the meadows and the lower grounds,
But as they flow in whiſpering murmurs by,
Dart ſimp'ring glances back with ſparkling eye,
To chear the Royal Race when they draw near
The pleaſing proſpect, when the Æther's clear,
And evening ſtealing, creeps with pilgrim's pace,
Attir'd in ruſſet grey, with ſolemn grace:
When Sol's hot foaming ſteeds, juſt plunging in
The weſtern ocean's briny waves, begin
T' emit bright ſtreaming rays of golden light,
T' illumine the chaſte Sov'reign of the night;
Whoſe ſilver orb caſts cooler, milder beams,
Reflecting her wan face amidſt the ſtreams.
The trees in myſtic meaſures ſeem to dance,
Caus'd by the wat'ry mirror's trembling glance.
Then peaceful calms ſooth the ſoft gentle breaſt,
And Morpheus mace on human eyelids preſt,
Charms this part of the globe to awful reſt.

Now harmony's melodious ſounds
Through the radiant ſpheres rebounds,
Ye glittering ſtars, whoſe ſplendid light
Gild the ſhades and gloom of night,
With happy influence ever ſmile
On Britain's King and Britain's iſle:
May health, content and laſting peace
Flouriſh, and trade and wealth increaſe,
And jarring feuds and diſcord ever ceaſe.

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